LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. PR1179

Shelf .L342

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

SERTUM SHAKSPERIANUM.

SERTUM SHAKSPERIANUM

SUBNEXIS

ALIQUOT ALIUNDE EXCERPTIS FLORIBUS

LATINE REDDIDIT

REV. H. Henry LATHAM, A. M.

E COLL. ÆN. NAS. OXON.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
CITY OF WASHINGTON

Londini

APUD

ALEXANDRUM MACMILLAN

1864

PR1179
.L3L2

OXONII:

EXCUDEBANT

T. COMBE, A. M., E. PICKARD HALL, ET H. LATHAM, A. M.

ACADEMIÆ TYPOGRAPHI.

FRATRI UNICO SUPERSTITI.

Tu nostî benè vinculis ligavit
Me, Frater, tibi, te mihi quot arctis
Communis domus, institutioque;—
Et non læsa semel fides amoris
Per quot lustra, et amœna literarum
Quæ consortia nexuêre in unam
Fraternas animas; et hauriebam
Scis quo fonte poeseos eosdem
Hos tecum latices, ubi ardor idem
Ambos et sitis egit æmulari,
Quem desiderio indiès uterque
Jam raptum sibi luget. Auctor harum
Non ignobilis ille, sordidusve
Interpres fuit elegantiarum;

Sed dignatus erat meam pedestrem
Frater fratris amans fovere musam.
Ergo hæc parva, superstiti superstes,
Nunc defert tibi serta frater; et, qui
Disjecti placuêre, flosculorum
Consertum accipias rogat maniplum.
Ridebunt alii senem poetam,
Culpabunt alii senile carmen;
Tu non abjicies; mihique plaudam
Illâ credulitate sat beatus.

H. L.

INDEX.

Page

"Hark! hark! the lark." Cymbeline 2

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun." Ibid. 4

"By the simplicity of Venus' doves. Midsummer Night's Dream 8

"O! happy, happy," &c. Ibid. 10

"Over hill, over dale." Ibid. 12

"You spotted snakes." Ibid. 14

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet." Ibid. 18

"Full fathom five." Tempest 20

"Come unto these yellow sands." Ibid. 22

"No more dams I'll make for fish." Ibid. 24

"Where the bee sucks." Ibid.... 26

"Oh! mistress mine." Twelfth Night 28

"Come away, come away, Death." Ibid. 30

"She never told her love." Ibid. 32

"When that I was a little tiny boy." Ibid. 34

"Who is Sylvia?" Two Gentlemen of Verona 38

"A merrier man," &c. Love's Labours Lost 40

"When daisies pied," &c. Ibid. 42

"Under the greenwood tree." As You like It... 46

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind." Ibid. 48

"Sigh no more, ladies." Much Ado about Nothing 50

"Tell me, where is Fancy bred." Merchant of Venice 52

Page

" How sweet the moonlight," &c. Merchant of Venice 54

" Take, oh, take those lips away." Measure for Measure ... 56

" Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd." Macbeth 58

" Come, thou monarch of the vine." Antony and Cleopatra ... 64

" Between two hawks," &c. I Henry VI. 66

" Orpheus, with his lute, made trees." 68

" Oh! how much more doth Beauty," &c. Sonnet 54. 70

" Crabbed age and youth." Passionate Pilgrim 72

" Good friend, for Jesu's sake, forbear." Stratford Epitaph ... 74

" The figure, that thou seest here put." Ben Jonson 76

" Underneath this marble hearse." Ibid. 78

" Would'st thou hear what man can say." Ibid. 80

" Sweet Echo." Milton 82

" Sabrina fair." Ibid. 84

" Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright." George Herbert ... 90

" Mourn not o'er early graves." Anon. 92

" Of all the girls that are so smart." H. Carey 94

" The curfew tolls the knell of parting day. Gray 102

" On parent lap a naked, new-born child." Sir. W. Jones ... 118

" Water, parted from the sea." Arne, from Metastasio 120

" There is a pleasure in poetic pains." Cowper 122

" John Gilpin was a citizen." Ibid. 126

" The twentieth year is well nigh past." Ibid. 158

" Betwixt nose and eyes a strange contest arose." Ibid. 164

Page

"The Spirit breathes upon the word." Cowper 168

"It is a happy world, after all." Paley 172

"On Linden, when the sun was low." Campbell 178

"Not a drum was heard." Wolfe 182

"Oh, weep for the hour." T. Moore 186

"Life, we 've been long together." Barbauld 188

"Though the rose on her cheek disappear and decay." Anon. 190

Epitaph on Napoleon. Sir John Williams 192

"Little Tom had a best coat," &c. Anon. 194

"As master John walked out alone." A. W. 196

"Sorrow and Joy, couched side by side." D. L. 198

"Lord, of all power and might." 200

"Almighty God, unto whom all hearts be open." 202

INDEX CARMINUM.

Audin'! ad portas ut alauda Cœli 3

Ne solis æstus, aut hyemis time... 5

Per palumbarum Veneris, carentem 9

O bis terque beata 11

Per montem et vallem 13

Tu, micans anguis maculis... 15

Delirans et amans 19

Quà non ter amplis alta decempedis 21

Ocyùs has flavas accedite vos ad arenas 23

Page

Evohe !—ad arbitrium non rursùs herile tenebor 25

Quà bibit succos apis 27

Dic, meum Cor, dic ubinam vagaris 29

Huc, huc vocanti, Mors, ades 31

O here, pagina rasa fuit sua vita 33

Quandò parvus eram 35

Quæ sit juventus nostra quam sic efferunt 39

Scilicet illo homine est nusquam festivior alter 41

Bellis ubi bicolor, violæque, argenteus et flos 43

Si tibi sub viridis mecum libet arbore sylvæ 47

Ingemina tua flabra, hyemalis Vente 49

O dehinc luctus cohibete, Nymphæ 51

Dic, ubi ; num capite est, an corde exorta 53

Quàm placidè super hanc ripam... 55

Tollas illa nimìs suaviloquentia 57

Maculosa felis ter miaulas edidit 59

Pampini rex, purpureis ocellis 65

Sese uter accipitrum magìs in sublime duorum 67

Plectro dulce canens Orpheus arbores 69

Quantò Forma etiam formosior esse videtur 71

Sempèr acerbato Senio, facilique Juventæ 73

Turbare abstineas, per amorem dulcis Iesu 75

Quam spectas positam hìc, scias figuram 77

Condita funereo jacet hôc sub marmore 79

Page

Tu, si audire velis, quantam rem dicere paucis 81

Quæ concham aëriam nulli visa incolis, Echo 83

Pulchra Sabrina 85

Alma, serena dies 91

Funera ne plores intempestiva 93

Quotquot excellant nitidæ puellæ 95

Jam campana diem morituram plangit 103

Nudus in matris gremio jacebas... 119

Nativo discreta mari, vaga lympha 121

In se gaudia habet, soli concessa poetæ 123

Civis Joannes Gilpinus et integer, et dux 127

Penè bis denus numeratur annus 159

Est nova lis oculos inter, nasumque suborta 165

Spiritus afflatu Verbum imprimit Ipse 169

Nec temerè hunc mundum felicem diximus 173

Cadente sole, pes adhùc non presserat 179

Tympana non sonuêre 183

Eheu ! flebilis hora 187

Vita, diu fuimus comites 189

Tempore si surrepta rosa est 191

Ille ego, quem subjuncta meo Victoria curru 193

Vestis erat parvo, seposta in sabbata, Thomæ 195

Parvus Ioannes solus, cum matre placenti 197

Lætitiæ est semper sociùs Dolor... 199

Virtute Omnipotens, et viribus 201

O Deus Omnipotens, cui sunt corda omnia aperta 203

" Tu Pater, et rerum Inventor ; tu patria nobis
" Suppeditas præcepta, tuisque ex, Inclyte, chartis,
" Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,
" Omnia nos itidèm depascimur aurea dicta,
" Aurea, perpetuâ sempèr dignissima vitâ."

Lucretius, iii. 9.

SERTUM SHAKSPERIANUM.

CYMBELINE.

HARK! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise:
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies.
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes,
With everything that pretty bin:—
My Lady sweet, arise!

ACT II. SCENE III.

AUDIN! ad portas ut alauda Cœli
Cantet! En surgens agit ad fluenta,
Queis madent florum Calices, caballos
Phœbus aquatum.

Aureos calthæ incipiunt ocellos
Sole nictantes aperire: prodit
Omne quod pulchrum est;—hera dulcis, eja!
Surge cubili.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Ne solis æstus, aut hyemis time
Sævos furores ampliùs; hìc tuo
Tu munere es functus, domumque
Tendis habens pretium laborum.

Sors una parvi pulveris aureo
Restat puellarum et juvenum choro,
Et sordidis fuliginosi
Spurcitie pueris camini.

Frons attinet te jam nihil insolens,
Nil vis tyranni; nec superest tibi
Quo cras amictu vestiaris,
Quove cibo repleare, cura;

Quercumque non præponis arundini:
Fient, ut hic est, sic sapientia
Sceptrumque regale, atque victrix
Ipsa mali medicina, pulvis.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander's censure rash:
Thou hast finished joy and moan.
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

Non flamma turbet nec lapis horridi
Te fulguris, non vana calumniæ
Censura, mortali vacantem
Lætitiâ, pariterque luctu.

Fervens juventâ quisquis amat, pari
Quâ tu teneris lege tenebitur;
Et mox amator quisque tecum
Umbra erit, exiguusque pulvis.

Non arte fœdâ te cieat magus
Turbetve cantu saga venefico;
Vexare defunctum insepulti
Abstineant lemures; nec unquam

Ulla appropinquet forma mali tibi!
Exacta vitæ summa adeò brevis
In pace claudatur, tuumque
Fama diu foveat sepulchrum!

By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves;
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Per palumbarum Veneris carentem
Fraude naturam, per et id quod, arctâ
Copulâ nectens animas, secundos
Reddit amores;

Cras, ubi nos opperieris, illic
Ipsa non mendax adero, indicati
Nec loci, nec compositæ recentèr
Immemor horæ.

Testor, os audax hominum quot unquam
Fuderit, mox inficianda, vota;
Plura quàm quotquot muliebris est vox
Ausa profari;

Hæc tibi solvam mea vota; tu cras
Si fidem serves memor, indicati
Sic loci non immemorem, nec horæ
Me tibi reddam.

Oh! happy, happy, happy, happy fair!
Thine eyes are lode-stars, and thy tongue sweet air;
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn-buds appear.

O bis terque beata! mihi tua sunt Cynosuræ
Lumina, et est linguæ spiritus ipse melos.
Nec tam grata auri est pastoris alauda, virescunt
Cum sata, cum spinæ jam nova gemma redit.

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere
Swifter than the moones sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours;
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Per montem, et vallem; dumeta per hirta, rubosque;
Rurisque septi limites;
Diluvii objectas per aquas vagor, atque per ignem,
Lunæ velocior globo.
Et famulor Dryadum reginæ; orbesque vireto
Rigare signatos meum est.
Illi altæ (maculasne vides in vestibus aureis?)
Sunt primulæ satellites;
Et gemma est, Dryadis donum, nota quæque; et in illis
Vivunt odores flosculi.
Jam mihi erit curæ lacrymas circùm undique in herbâ
Roris cadentes quærere,
Guttamque inventam suspendere cuique sub aurem,
Ut margaritam, Primulæ.

You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs be not seen;
Newts and blind worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen!

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh,
So good night, with lullaby.

Tu micans anguis maculis, bilingui
Ore, te abducas procul! horrida hystrix,
Stellio, vermis mala, dormientem
Lædere nostram

Parce reginam Dryadum! sed adsis,
Et tuum, dulcis Philomela, nostro
Accinens addas melos impetranti,
"Somne, venito."

Non malum, non vis magica appropinquet
Ulla atrox nostræ dominæ; sed illi
Lenè subrepat sopor, et sit huic nox
Fausta cubili!

Weaving spiders, come not here,
Hence you long-legg'd spinners, hence;
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh,
So good night, with lullaby.

Tu tuis telis operosa Arachne,
Longipes textrix, apage ! abstineto
Ater offensu, scaribæe ! Limax
Fœde retrorsùm

Hinc abi ! sed vox, Philomela, dulcis
Integret nostram tua cantilenam,
Voce submissâ placidum petentem
Ritè soporem.

Non heram nostram magus, aut maligni
Carminis furtìm mala vis lacessat !
Fausta sit nox, et ferat alma secum
Hora soporem !

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact:—
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is the madman: the lover all as frantic
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Delirans et Amans iisdem, pariterque Poeta,
Constant phantasiis, et ab iisdem ludificantur.
Plures quàm quot habere potest domus ampla Gehennæ
Infernos lemures videt ille Phreneticus; alter
Furvâ in fronte, et adustâ Ægypti solibus, ipsam
Formam Helenæ agnoscens, æquè delirat Amator.
Sed sublimior illa Poetæ insania, rapto
Lumine jam cœli lustrat spatia alta, subindè
Ad terrena refertur; et hinc sibi mille figuras
Phantasiâ ignotas rerum evolvente, Poetæ
Effingit calamus sua quamque in corpora, et umbris
Aëriis, nihiloque mero, dat habere locumque
Dehinc, habitusque suos, atque immutabile nomen.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them,—ding, dong, bell.

Quà non ter amplis alta decempedis
Sunt æquora exploranda, cubat pater;
Ex ossibus jam læve nascens
Curalium rubet; uniones
Sunt quæ fuerunt lumina; nec sui
Pars ulla, fato obnoxia, non novam
(Quæ vis aquarum est) et stupendam
Transiit in speciem superstes.
Huic ergo in horas carmine næniam
Nymphæ celebrant Nereides;—modos
Audisne?—jam campana trino
Triste melos modulatur ictu.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands.
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,
(The wild waves whist)
Foot it featly here and there,
And the rest the burden bear.
Hark! hark!
The watch-dogs bark:
Hark! hark! I hear
The strain of Chanticleer.

Ocyùs has flavas accedite vos ad arenas,
Atque hìc consertas jungite ritè manus.
Poplite submisso postquam concessa tulistis
Oscula, et intereà "sternitur æquor aquis;"
Pars agili pede festa choros huc ducat et illuc,
Dum reliquis curæ est continuare modos.
Heus! vigiles latrare canes audisne? diei
Clariùs ut cantus integret, audin', avis!

No more dams I 'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing,
At requiring;
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish.
Ban, Ban, Ca - Caliban
Has a new master;—get a new man!

Evohe!—ad arbitrium non rursùs herile tenebor
Objice piscinam claudere servus ego;
Non dare ligna foco, non orbes tergere acernos
Dehìnc, non mazonomum pingue lavare volo.
Namque novum sequitur dominum Caliban;—Calibanis
Ergo, here, mancipium tu vice quære tui!

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch, when owls do cry.
On a bat's back I do fly,
After sunset merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Quà bibit succos apis, in corollâ
Primulæ veris mihi sunt latebræ;
Illâ, ubi clamant ululæ, recumbens
Sede quiesco.

Vectus alis lucifugæ, remoto
Sole, festivus vagor; hâc ab horâ
Penduli ramis ego feriabor
Floris in umbrâ.

O! mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear: your true love 's coming,
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What 's to come is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Dic, meum cor, dic ubinam vagaris;
Heus! mihi auscultes! venit en amator
Verus, aut altum canere institutus
Aut grave carmen.

Corculum dulce! ulteriùs pedem non
Urge; amatorum quòd iter petito
Exit occursu, sapiente quisquam
Scit patre natus.

Quid sit, expendas, amor;—ille nil est
Crastinum, præsens sociatur omni
Gaudio risus, malefida res est
Quæque futura.

Copiam nulli mora subministrat,
Eja! mî des suaviolum, puella
Bis decem annorum mea: non supellex
Certa juventa est.

Come away, come away, Death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover ne'er find my grave
To weep there!

Huc, huc vocanti, Mors, ades! et mea
Compone claustro membra cupressino.
Hinc, Spiritus,—nedum moreris,—
Hinc apage! haud miserans trucidat

Me pulchra virgo. Depropera mihi
Taxo apparatum funereâ necis
Album involucrum: ferre partes
Veriùs has poterit quis alter?

Ne sit feretro suaveolens nigro
Flos additus, neu verba cadaveri
Profundat exsangui sodales,
Hæc ubi projicientur ossa.

Sed (mille quo sit flebilibus modus
Suspiriis) me pone, ubi non meum
Sparsurus infelix amator
Quæsierit lachrymis sepulchrum.

DUKE. And what 's her history?

VIOLA. A blank, my lord: she never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

O here, pagina rasa fuit sua vita; latentem
Illa suo nulli vulgavit pectore amorem;
Sed, veluti gemmam vermis depascitur intùs,
Longa genam roseam exedêre silentia; luctus
Lutea deformi specie fœdaverat ora;
Atque immota sedens, qualis Patientia saxo
Sculpta sepulchrali, visa est ridere dolorem.

When that I was a little tiny boy,
With hey ho! the wind and the rain!
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey ho! the wind and the rain!
'Gainst knave and thief men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came at last to wive,
With hey ho! the wind and the rain!
By swaggering I could never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

Quandò parvus eram,—minimusque fui puerorum,—
Heu! qui sunt hodiè ventus et imber erant!
Stultitiam culpamque mera esse crepundia duxi,
Et fuit imbre omnis fœda ruente dies.

Verùm ubi vir demùm posui puerilia adultus,
Quæ nova tùm venti vis pluviæque fuit!
Mendaci furique fores occlusit honestus;
Obtulit et nimbos lux mihi quæque suos.

Sed quandò evasi felix uxore maritus,
Hei! mihi! qui venti, quantus et imber erat!
Non facit—inveni—jactantia vana beatum,
Et mihi transivit nulla sine imbre dies.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey ho! the wind and the rain!
With toss-pot still I had broken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey ho! the wind and the rain!
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

Sed, dum sponsus adhùc audivi uxorius, (eheu !
Agglomerans venti turben, et agmen aquæ !)
Rixoso effractum est a compotore cerebrum ;
Atque hæc quâ pluviæ non cecidêre die !

Est exortus abhinc longinquo tempore mundus,
Quo qui sunt hodiè ventus et imber erant ;
Verùm ego quid moror hæc? comœdia nostra peracta est ;
Sitque, precor, nullâ non placitura die.

Who is Silvia? What is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For Beauty lives with Kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let us garlands bring.

Quæ sit juventus nostra quam sic efferunt,
Et qualis illa Sylvia?
Est sancta, prudens, et venusta; munera
Quæ Dî dederunt, ut foret
Hæc omnibus miranda; sed quis dixerit
Tam pulchra si benigna sit!
Nam cum Benignitate fit consortium
Plerumque Pulchritudinis.
Suæ levamen cæcitatis olim Amor
Quærens, ocellos hos adit;
Et his, novo refectus igne, sedibus
Moratus est dehinc Deus.
Canamus ergo Sylviam; quòd omnibus
Formosa præstet Sylvia,
Quot bruta tellus rerum habet mortalium.
Serta huic feramus debita.

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Scilicet illo homine est nusquam festivior alter,
Quocum, ridiculi præscripto limite honesti,
Colloquio absumpsi vacuam genialitèr horam.
Opportuna parens oculus sua tempora nasci
Prospicit; et quamcunque sibi catus arripit, hæc res
Temporis admonitu jam jam fit amœna fabella;
Quam tam concinnâ profert lepidâque loquelâ
Ingenii lingua interpres, ut et ipsa senectus
Pendeat auscultans narrantis ab ore dicaci,
Dum juniorum aures raptæ obstupuêre loquentem;—
Mellitæ tanta est ubertas prodiga linguæ.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight:
The Cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, Cuckoo;—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks;
The Cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, Cuckoo;—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

Bellis ubi bicolor, violæque, argenteus et flos
Nympharum tunicæ qui sibi nomen habet,
Et verna incepit, flavos induta colores,
Primula deliciis pingere prata suis;
Arbore tum Cuculus sedet omni; et voce maritos
Sic sibi ludibrio garrula vertit avis:
" Heus, Cucule!" ille crepat, " Cucule, heus, Cucule!"
O mala vox, quàm
Plena maritorum est auribus ista metu!

Gaudet avenarum calamis ubi Pastor, et ortum
Narrat aratori dulcis alauda diem;
Cùm repetunt turtur, graculusque, et corvus amores,
Et vestem æstivam fonte puella lavat;
Arbore tum Cuculus sedet omni; omnesque maritos
Improba, voce vocans, ludificatur avis:
" Heus, Cucule!" ille canit, " Cucule, heus, Cucule!"
O mala vox, quàm
Plena maritorum est auribus illa metu!

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who,—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all around the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who,—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Horrida de muris cùm stiria pendet, et unguem
Torpentem pastor Mopsus in ore fovet;
Inque aulam cumulanda foco fert ligna Menalcas,
Et lac concretum frigore mulctra refert;
Jam, cùm sanguis hebet, squaletque luto via, noctu
Alternat festum strix vigil ore modum.
Sic strix torva tuens canit; et despumat ahenum
Interea immundas Thestylis uncta manus.

Cùm fera flabra fremunt circum, et solennia vincit
Verba sacerdotis tussis anhela gregis;
In nive cum sidunt volucres, et non suus imum
Phillidis in nasum migrat ab ore rubor;
Sibilat ut pomum saliens crateris in undâ,
Alternat festum strix vigil ore modum.
Sic strix torva tuens canit; et despumat ahenum
Interea immundas Thestylis uncta manus.

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Si tibi sub viridis mecum libet arbore sylvæ
Festo avium cantu consociare tuum;
Hùc ades; heus! ades hùc;—tibi non erit hìc inimicus,
Ni mala tempestas, et glacialis hyems.

Ambitione vacanti in aprico vivere; victum
Quærere, et invento, quem tulit hora frui;
Hoc tibi si cordi est, ades hùc:—tibi non erit hostis
Hìc modo tempestas absit et acris hyems.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Ingemina tua flabra, hyemalis Vente; sed illa
Sunt hominum ingratâ mente maligna minùs,
Et, quia non spectare, licèt sit spiritus asper,
Dente minùs mordent vulnera facta tuo.
Heu! quanto est satiùs virides cantare myricas!
Omnis amicitia est fraus, furor omnis amor.

Ingemina, Cœlum, tua frigora dura; sed angunt
Spreta, suo morsu, cor benefacta magìs.
Etsi stringis aquas, tu non, ut amicus amici
Immemor, ad vivum spicula pectus agis.
Hìc igitur virides potiùs cantate myricas;
Nam delirat amor, fucus amicitia est.
Nos arbusta canamus;—ut hâc jucundior, hâc non
Sit vitâ in terris vita beata magìs.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leafy.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

O! dehinc luctus cohibete, Nymphæ;
Perfidi si sunt homines, et olim
Sic erant; nec propositi tenaces
Unius unquam,

Littus exoptant hodiè, moventur
Cras maris desiderio,—abstinete
Ergo lamentis; et abire quisquis
Gestit, abito.

Vox sed exultans, hilarisque vultus
Gaudium prodant; et Io! canentes,
Euge! Io! mutate priora lætis
Seria nugis.

Nil sonent vestræ grave cantilenæ,
Trita res cùm fraus hominum sit, ex quo
Se suis primùm nova vestiebat
Frondibus æstas.

Perfidi quin hinc abeant, querelis
Flebiles nullis; et Io! canentes
Non semel, mutate meris priora
Tristia nugis.

Tell me, where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring Fancy's knell:
I 'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

Dic ubi, num capite est an corde exorta; parentes
Qui fuerint, et quæ pabula Phantasiæ?
Nascitur ex oculis, oculis nutritur, et ipsis
Queis nata est cunis mox moribunda jacet.
Nobis Phantasiæ celebretur nænia; mæstam
Campanam excipiens ordiar ipse modos.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit Jessica;—look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There 's not the smallest orb that thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an Angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed Cherubims.
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Ripam quàm placidè super hanc dormire videtur
Luna! sedebimus hìc, et in aures dulce sinemus
Hoc melos intereà subrepere; nam modulatæ
Suaviter harmoniæ nox, tempus molle quietis,
Convenit—hìc sedeas, mea Jessica; et atria cœli,
Tessellata velùt patinis lucentibus auri
Contemplere. Horum minimus, quos conspicis orbes,
Quisque suo cursu latum it per inane canendo;
Angelus ut canit usque; choro alternante Cherubûm
Suffusorum oculos æternæ luce juventæ.
Innatam esse animis etiam immortalibus illam
Credimus harmoniam; sed circumducta coercet
Lutea adhùc vestis nostræ hæc putredinis, et non
E claustris vocem datur exaudire loquentem.

Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain.

Hide*, oh, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears;
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears.
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee!

* See Ellis's 'Specimens of the Early English Poets,' vol. ii. 355.

Tollas illa nimis suaviloquentia,
Et perjura adeò blanditiis labra!
Nascentisque diei
O! tollas oculos jubar,

Quos illusa faces crediderit suos
Aurora; hùc referas oscula sed mea,
Quæ signavit in illis
Incassùm labiis Amor!

O! collesque tegas e gelido sinu
Surgentes niveos! quorum apices rubri
(Qualem gestat Aprilis,)
Tingit purpura flosculi.

Tu verò antè meum, queis miserum diù
Vinxisti implicitum, cor glacialibus
His, O! dura, catenis
Maturè expedias, precor.

THE WITCHES.

First witch.

Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd;—

Second witch.

Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined;—

Third witch.

Harper cries 'tis time, 'tis time.

All.

Round about the cauldron go;
In the poisoned entrails throw.

First witch.

Toad, that under the cold stone
Days and nights hast thirty one;
Sweltered Venom, sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

All.

Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn; and cauldron bubble!

SORORES VENEFICÆ.

Prima.

Maculosa felis ter miaulas edidit;—

Secunda.

Ter integravit et semèl

Vocem querelæ echinus;

Tertia. Harpax increpans.

(Audisne?) clamat "hora adest."

Omnes.

In orbem eamus, et virosa viscera

Ollæ ingeramus invicèm.

Prima.

Noctem diemque saxo agens sub algido

Unam super trigesimam,

Sudans venenum, præda bufo dormiens,

Sacram occupes ollam prior.

Omnes.

Væ! multiplex laborque opusque! ferveas

Ergo ignis, unda ebullias.

Second witch.

Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All.

Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn; and cauldron bubble!

Third witch.

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches mummy; maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock digged i' the dark;

Secunda.

Tu proximè, palustris Hydræ frustulum,
Lebete decoctum æstues!
Et stellionis oculus, et ranæ pedis
Pars ima, cum linguâ canis;
Et lana vespertilionis, et malæ
Vermis bifurcum aculeum;
Et crus lacerti, et ala noctuæ, supèr
Accedat; hæc malignior
Quo toxici sit dira vis, hoc Tartari
Jus undet æstuosiùs.

Omnes.

Væ! multiplex laborque opusque! ferveas
Ergo, ignis; unda, ebullias!

Tertia.

Squamæ draconis; dens lupinus; aridum
Corpus malæ veneficæ.
Faucesque, pessimi tyrannorum salis,
Carchariæ, inexpleta et gula;

Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Slivered in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-delivered by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab;
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All.

Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn; and cauldron bubble!

Second witch.

Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Cicuta noctu effossa; Judæi impia
Loquentis exsectum jecur;
Fel hirci; et ad lunæ laborantis jubar
Detonsa taxi sarmina;
Nasusque Turci, et crassa Sarmatæ labra;
Et hic digitus infantuli,
Quem strangulavit impiâ in fossis manu
Enixa nascentem lupa,
(Quo juris uncti spissius coagulum,
Pulmenta pinguiora sint;)
Et exta tigridis lebetis expleant
Immunda miscellanea.

Omnes.

Væ! multiplex laborque opusque! ferveas
Ergo, ignis; unda, ebullias!

Secunda.

Si temperes hæc simiæ cruore, atque erit
Nostra efficax scientia.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne,
In thy vats our cares be drowned,
With thy grapes our hairs be crowned;
Cup us, till the world go round!

Pampini Rex, purpureis ocellis,
Bacche, ades, pleno speciose vultu!
In tua O! nostras abige obruendas
Dolia curas.

Et, tuis uvis decorata, crines
Implicet vitis; tua da bibenda
Pocula, hic donec videatur orbis
Ipse rotari.

Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment.
But in these nice, sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Sese uter accipitrum magìs in sublime duorum
Tollat; uterve canis latret ore profundior; aut quæ
Lamina sit fabri ducta exquisitiùs arte;
Aut quis equus sese meliùs, me judice, gestet;
Hæc oculis, an sit festivior illa puella;
Forsitàn expertus poteram explicuisse roganti,
Quisnam etenim fuerit rudis ultrò ad talia? sed quid
Vult sibi, vel quanti est arguta astutia juris,
Æquè, crediderim, mecum cornicula callet.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing;
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers,
There had been a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
E'en the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or hearing die!

Plectro dulcè canens, Orpheus arbores
Et concreta gelu culmina montium
Inclinare jubebat
Sese carminibus suis.

Plantæ continuò cantibus his novæ;
His, sicut pluviâ et sole vocantibus,
Flores proveniebant,
Et ver perpetuum fuit.

Ludentisque modos omne quod audiit,
Immensi unda fremens oceani quoque
Interrupta residit,
Demittens capitis minas.

Quid non callida vis harmoniæ potest!
Cessat cura, vetus cordis abit dolor
Vel sopitus eo, vel
Audito emoriens sono.

Oh! how much more doth Beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which Truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer it we deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfumed tincture of the roses;
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly,
When Summer's breath their masked buds discloses.
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwooed, and unrespected fade,
Die to themselves;—sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

Quantò Forma etiam formosior esse videtur,
Associat Veri quæ sibi dulce decus!
Pulchra rosa est; sed habetur eò rosa pulchrior, intùs
Quòd beneolens nitido flore moratur odor.
Namque rubet paritèr speciosa cynosbatus, impar
Vix et odoratis ipsa nitore rosis;
Dependet spinis itidèm, patulisque superbit
Quas Zephyri gemmas halitus explicuit.
Sed brevis huic omni stat pro virtute venustas,
Quique inamatus erat flos sine honore cadit,
Et sibi sic omnis moritur;—sed ubi rosa marcet,
Dulcior è dulci morte refertur odor.
Et fidei, formose, tuæ mea Musa, juventæ
Flos postquàm exciderit pulcher, aroma leget.

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasure,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Age, I do abhor thee;
Youth, I do adore thee;
O my Love, my Love is young.
Age, I do defy thee,
O! sweet shepherd hie thee!
For, methinks, thou stayest too long.

Sempèr acerbato Senio, facilique Juventæ
Nullo habitare datur spontè sodalitio;
Quippe Juventutem sua non satiata voluptas
Totam habet; et curâ est plena Senecta suâ.
Illa, velut nova lux æstivæ mane diei,
Emicat; hæc hyemis tempora mœsta refert.
Illa suo, velut ipsa æstas, se prodiga jactat
Ornatu; ipsa ut hyems, hæc spoliata riget.
Te odi, fœda Senecta; colo te, dia Juventus.
Imo corde; meus nam juvenescit amor.
Ergo, Senecta, apage! et mihi tu, dulcissime pastor
Huc citiùs,—quianam, tarde moraris?—ades!

Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear,
To dig the dust enclosed here:
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

Qui jacet hìc pulvis, per amorem dulcis Iesu,
Turbare abstineas, lector amice, precor;
Sit felix saxa hæc qui non violârit; at ejus
Diræ angant, mea qui moverit ossa, caput.

POEMATA ALIUNDE EXCERPTA

LATINÈ REDDITA.

The Figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakspeare cut;
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature to outdo the life.
O could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he hath hit
His face; the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass:
But, since he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book.

Under Shakspeare's portrait, prefixed to his works, 1623.

Quam spectas positam hìc, scias figuram
Shaksperum ingenuum referre; sub quâ,
Naturæ æmulus, exhibere plus quàm
Viventis speciem studebat auctor.
Et si, quo faciem vigore, mentis
Scripsisset manus artifex acumen,
Anteiret typus ille quotquot unquàm
Cœlavit quis in ære linearum:
Quod cùm non dedit ars egena, lector,
Librum hunc intueare, pro tabellâ.

Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,—
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death, ere thou shalt strike another
Fair, and wise, and good as she,
Time shall cast a dart at thee.

Condita funereo jacet hoc sub marmore, nullo
Musarum mulier non celebrata choro.
Sidnæi soror, et mater pia Pembrochiorum
Sanguinis.—Huic æquam corpore, mente, fide,
Ante aliam fueris quàm, Mors, jaculata; sagittæ
Subdita victrici Temporis ipsa cades.

Would'st thou hear, what man can say
In a little? Reader, stay.
Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty, as could die;
Which, in life, did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.
If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth;
The other,—let it sleep with Death.
Fitter where it died to tell,
Than that it lived at all.—Farewell.

Tu, si audire velis quantam rem dicere paucis
Possit homo, sistas, lector amice, gradum.
Nempe,—sub hôc saxo formæ omnis gratia, lethi
Invida quam potuit vis abolere, jacet;
Quæ, dum vita fuit, virtuti, quanta superstes
Nulla est, hospitium consociata dedit.
Humanam quamcunque incauta admiserit, illa
Restet in hôc tumulo culpa sepulta, sinas.
Nomina si quæras; unum accipe, nomen Elizæ;
Cætera cum tacitâ morte tacenda cubent,
Namque locum satiùs fuerit dixisse sepulchri,
In vitâ quòd erat quàm meminisse.—Vale.

Sweet Echo! sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroidered vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair,
That likest thy Narcissus are?
Oh! if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere;
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.

Quæ concham aëriam nulli visa incolis, Echo
Dulcis, nympharum dulcissima, lenè fluentis
Mæandri ad ripam viridem, violisque nitenti
In convalle, refert ubi suaviter orba mariti
Per noctes Philomela suum tibi flebile carmen;
Nonne potes fratrum tu par juvenile, tuique
Narcissi formam referens, mihi prodere? Quos si
Fortè sub umbroso prætextis floribus antro
Abdideris procul, O ubinam sit, dic mihi; fandi
Dulcè loquens regina, canori filia cœli!
Sic tu Diva abeas super æthera; cœlicolûmque
Sic decus altisonans concentibus omnibus addas.

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair:
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save.
Listen and appear to us
In name of great Oceanus;
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethy's grave, majestic pace,
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook,
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell,
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands,

Pulchra Sabrina, vitro perlucidiore sub undâ
Cui sic sedenti liliis
Intextis religare soluta volumina curæ est
Stillantis electro comæ,
Audi; virgineus sit honor si charus, opemque
Des, Dea lacûs argentei;
Audi, et in Oceani nobis te nomine magni
Vocantibus præsens ades;
Per sceptrum regale, tridens, quo concutere orbem
Telluris horrentem valet
Neptunus, per et incessûs gravitate decori
Deam patentem Tethya,
Carpathii vatis per pastorale pedum, per
Rugosa Nerei tempora,
Squamosi concham Tritonis, fatidicamque
Scientiam Glauci senis,
Leucotheæque manus teretes, natumque vadosi
Regentem arenas littoris,

By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,
And the songs of Syrens sweet,
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed;
And bridle in thy headlong wave
Till thou our summons answered have.
Listen and save.

Perque pedes Thetidis soleis rutilantibus aptos,
Dulcesque Sirenum modos,
Parthenopæ tumulum dilectæ, habilisque Ligeæ
Pecten sororis aureum,
Quocum sola sedens ad saxa adamantina molles
Pellax capillos lævigat,
Per faciles, quæcunque super tua nocte fluenta
Nymphæ choreas conserunt,
Surge; e coraliis instrato, Diva, cubili
Benigna roseum effer caput;
Pronaque paulisper fræna tua flumina, donec
Responderis nostræ preci.
Audi, pulchra Sabrina; exspectatamque salutem
Des audiens rogantibus.

SABRINA. By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow, and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays;
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet,
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread.
Gentle swain, at thy request,
I am here.

Claudit ubi vegeto vicinas margine arundo,
Et juncus undas, et salix;
Lubrica—fulgenti virides ubi achate smaragdi,
Et certat æmulans nitor
Cæruleus quotquot gemmarum habet amnis in alveo,—
Stant esseda ad ripam mea.
Non meus hic rapidis ab aquis hùc transitus ullo
Pressit solum vestigio;
Prætereunte meo neque sub pede primula lentum
Calcata demisit caput.
Pastor amice, meis, non dedignata rogantem,
Adsum evocata fluctibus.

Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in the grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shews ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous Soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

Alma, serena Dies, quæ nunc tàm clara, hymenæis
Ætheris et Terræ pronuba dulcis ades,
Ros lachrymis hâc nocte suis tua funera mœrens
Deflebit; nam tu mox moriere, Dies.

Suaveolens Rosa, quæ tantùm imperiosa superbis,
Lumina præstringens capta nitore tuo,
Jam defixa jacet tibi radix alta sepulchro,
Et sors una manet te, Rosa pulchra,—mori.

Dulcibus, O Ver dulce, horisque rosisque videris
Plenum, ut deliciis arca referta suis;
Interitus mea musa suos indicit habere
Omnia;—tuque tuam, Ver, patiere necem.

Dulcior at Virtus animæ constans manet, ut non
Indurata semel robora deficiunt.
Et, licèt in carbonem orbis, compage solutâ,
Corruerit, Virtus illa superstes erit.

Mourn not o'er early graves, for those
Removed whilst only buds are shown;
For God, who sowed and watered, knows
The time to gather in his own.

This blossom knew no winter's breath,
Sheltered beneath the Almighty wing;
And though it felt the stroke of death,
Blest babe, it never felt the sting.

Funera ne plores intempestiva, quòd ipso
Germine deperiit flos inapertus adhuc.
Qui sevit, proprioque Deus sata rore rigavit,
Scit benè quo demùm carpere quæque die.

Flosculus hic brumæ non novit flabra, sub alæ
Omnipotentis enim tegmine tutus erat.
Et, quamvis ictum subiisti, infantule felix,
Expertus non es spicula dura necis.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There 's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father, he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother, she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em;
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally.
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Quotquot excellant nitidæ puellæ,
Omnibus præstat mea Mopsa,—cordis
Corculum, nostro mihi in angiportu
Accola, Mopsa.

Sint heræ terrâ quot in hâc superbæ,
Omnibus,—plus dimidio—antecellens,
Suavior flos est meus, angiportûs
Gloria nostri.

Caulium lina accipulos per urbem
Artifex clamat pater; et togarum
Longa venundat retinâcla mater,
Venerit emptor

Si lubens; at, quòd genuit placentem
Mater aut hæc, aut pater ille Mopsam,
Cor meum, nostri decus angiportûs,
Credere non est.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes, like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely;
But let him bang his belly full,
I 'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days are in the week
I dearly love but one day;
And that 's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I 'm drest in all my best,
To walk abroad with Sally.
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Dum laboranti mihi Mopsa juxta est,
Pendet infectus labor; et magister,
Durior Turcis, baculo morantem
Me dolat artus.

Sed dolet donec satur est; acerbum
Omne constans perpetiar, puella
Dum mea est, nostri decus angiportûs,
Inscia causa.

Quàm dies una est mihi præter omnes
Grata! quæ ducit sacra septimanam,
Quæque Saturni media atque Lunæ
Distinet horas;

Nam forìs illâ spatiamur ambo,
Veste ego indutus speciosiori,
Cordis hujus deliciæ, angiportûs
Et decus, illa.

My master carries me to church,
And often I am blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as text is named.
I leave the church in sermon time
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
O! then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up and box and all,
I'll give it to my honey.
I would it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Increpor, quòd, dum numeris colentûm
Missus intersum, simùl atque profert
Prima facundi alloquii sacerdos
Dogmata, turbæ

Clanculùm me surripio, meæque
Affero Mopsæ comitem, profano
Corde dilectum nimìs angiportûs
Numen adorans.

Fas erit mox, quandò aderit December
Festus, acceptos numerare nummos;
Mel meum quod, cum loculo, omne Mopsa
Dulcis habebit.

Millia O! vellem deciès minarum
Summa corrasi fuerit peculî,
Ut meam tantâ dominam angiportûs,
Dote bearem.

My master, and the neighbours all,
Make game of me and Sally;
And but for her I 'd better be
A slave, and row a galley:
But when my seven long years are out,
O then I 'll marry Sally;
O! then we 'll wed, and then we 'll bed,—
But not in our alley.

Ridet insultans herus; atque rident
Accolæ; optarem magìs ipse remex
Vel catenatus fieri,—vetaret
Ni mea Mopsa.

Septimus sed cùm piger exit annus,
Conjugem conjux, et utrosque habebit
Una non nostro domus angiportu,
Lectus et unus.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Jam campana diem morituram plangit; aperta
Mugitu peragrant segnitèr arva boves;
Ipse domum versus fesso pede pergit arator,
Et tenebrosa manet nox mihi sola comes.

Rura oculos magìs atque magìs fugientia fallunt,
Aeriisque plagis incubat una quies;
Ni quà raucisonis ruit alis cantharus, aut quà
Languescente procùl tinnit ovile sono;

Vicinæve hederâ vestito è culmine turris
Ad lunam auditur strix pigra voce queri,
Fortè suas si quis latebras propè devius errans,
Læserit audaci regna vetusta pede.

Scilicèt has ulmos propter, taxique sub umbrâ,
Multo ubi putrescens aggere turget humus,
Quemque domo angustâ compôstum ritè, perennis
Somnus avos humiles pagi, atavosque premit.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure,
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

Non matutinæ rursùs sacer halitus auræ,
Nec de stramineo culmine carmen avis,
Non illos galli cantus, neque buccina clangens,
Suadebunt humili tollere membra toro :

Non hilari ardebit rursùs focus igne, nec illis
Vespertinum uxor sedula carpet opus;
Nec clamans rediisse patrem, ruet obvius infans
Præripere ascenso basia prima genu.

Quàm sæpè illorum cessit seges aurea falci,
Dura humus illorum vomere fracta fuit !
Quàm festi per agrum sua plaustra egere ; valenti
Ut victa occubuit cædua sylva manu !

Non horum Ambitio crepet imperiosa labores,
Aut quæcunque humilis gaudia sortis erant,
Nec levis indigno contemnat Gloria risu
Audire ignotæ simplicia acta casæ.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

Stemmata avita, genus, validæque superbia dextræ,
Quicquid habet frontis gratia, quicquid opes,
Adventum expectant non evitabilis horæ;
Ducit ad invisam semita amœna necem.

Nec vos defunctis culpam insimulate, superbi,
Quòd memor his Pietas nulla tropæa locat,
Quà per templi aditus longos, laqueataque tecta,
Laudis provolvit vox, iteratque modos.

An memorans decus urna patrum, spirantiave æra,
In sua lapsam animam tecta referre valent?
Num verbosus Honor tacîturnas provocat umbras,
Surdam blanditiis callida lingua Necem?

Hôc fortassè loco, spretæ sub cespite terræ,
Æthereo quondâm cor calidum igne jacet;
Quæ manus imperii potuisset flectere virgam,
Raptaque viventis fila movere lyræ.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unfold;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear,
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, who with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Verùm his, præteriti spoliis cumulata, negavit
Doctrina annales evoluisse suos;
Frigida Paupertas generosos obruit æstus,
Constrinxitque animæ sacra fluenta gelu.

Plurima præstanti radians fulgore, sub antris
Æquoris immensi gemma sepulta latet:
Plurimus ignotâ secretus nascitur orâ,
Et rubet ad vacuam flos, redoletque diem.

Fortè quis Hampdenus, firmo qui corde paterni
Non prædatorem sustinuisset agri;
Miltonusve aliquis jacet hìc inglorius; aut vis
Cromvelli, haùd patriæ fœda cruore suæ.

Suspensi plausum sibi conciliare senatûs
Fortunæ impavidâ spernere mente minas,
Mandare ut decoret ridentem copia terram,
Inscriptisque virûm vultu oculisque legi,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet, e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes, and shapeless sculpture deckt,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

His non fata dabant; eadem sed limite clausit
Virtutem angusto sors, eademque nefas;
Et strage imperii sedes ambire vetabat,
Pacisque occlusas obserere ense fores;

Abdere luctantem sanctæ Virtutis amorem,
Supprimere ingenuum qui subit ora pudor,
Aut castæ dare thus accensum lampade Musæ
Infami Fastûs Luxuriæque foco.—

Hi, procùl insanæ semoti litibus urbis,
Nempè coercebant sobria vota domi;
Atque, in secretâ vitæ convalle, tenorem
Tranquillæ tacitum sic habuêre viæ.

Ne tamen illa manus violarint ossa protervæ
E vicino extans aggere fortè lapis,
Carmine, et informi signatus imagine, guttam
Parva viatores munera sæpe rogat.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned;
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires,
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If, chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate:

Ætates, inscripta rudi sua nomina Musâ,
Pro tumido Famæ carmine, saxa ferunt;
Et divina legit circùm argumenta colonus,
Queis memor, atque aptus fit magìs ille mori.

Obstrinxêre aliquem sic muta oblivia, ut ultrò
Liquerit hæc vitæ gaudia mista metu!
Nec, peramœnâ abiens hâc luce, reflexerit ora
Anxia ad extremum, lentus abire, jubar!

Pectore pendet amans ab amato spiritus; unam
Lumina adhùc lacrymam morte gravata petunt,
Ægra vel è claustris clamat Natura sepulchri,
Et solito prægnans igne favilla calet.

Tuque, inhonorati tumuli non immemor, horum
Fortunas humiles quem cecinisse juvat,
Si quis religione loci pius advena quondàm
Admonitus, fuerint quæ tua fata roget:

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
" Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
" Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
" To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

" There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
" That rears its old fantastic roots so high,
" His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
" And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
" Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove,
" Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
" Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

" One morn, I missed him on the custom'd hill,
" Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
" Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
" Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

Dicat fortè aliquis, canus sua tempora,—" sese
" Sæpè novo nobis obtulit ille die,
" Passibus assiduis detergens rorem, ut apricum
" In clivo exciperet, sole oriente, jubar.

" Tegmine sub patulo, radices fagus in altum
" Quà, viden? informes erigit illa solo,
" Ad mediam sua membra diem prostratus, in aures
" Haurire undantis murmur amabat aquæ.

" Hoc quoque lustrabat, sua secum risor amarus
" Nescio quæ repetens somnia, sæpè nemus;
" Et modò languescens,—ut desolatus et exspes,
" Quem cura, aut mendax discruciabat amor.

" Quodam mane aberat; frustrà quæsivimus,—illum
" Non collis, saltusve, aut sua fagus habet;
" Mane iterùm est; sed non ad aquas, sed non in aperto
" Ille, nec in sylvis conspiciendus erat:

" The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
" Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne;
" Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
" Graved on the stone, beneath yon aged thorn."

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear;
He gained from heaven, 'twas all he wished, a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

" Luce sequente, necis pompâ comitante, videmus
" Calcatâ totiès funera ducta viâ;
" Hùc adeas, et (namque potes,) tu quod breve carmen,
" Grandævam ad spinam, fert lapis ille legas.

Fortunæ ignotum juvenem Famæque, cubantem
Materno Tellus hìc tegit alma sinu,
Cui non aversa est nascenti dia Mathesis,
Et pia quem voluit Tristitia esse suum.

Larga manus, sincera Fides erat; atque rependit
Non minùs agnoscens munera larga Deus;
Quantum habuit, lacrymam, miseris dedit ille; tulitque
Omne quod optabat munus,—amicitiam.

Ulteriùs ne tu virtutes discere, asylo
Ne delicta suo detrahere ulla velis;
Culpa ubi jàm Virtusque, tremens speransque, repostæ
In gremio paritèr sunt Patris atque Dei.

On parent lap a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled;
So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.

From the Persian.

Nudus in matris gremio jacebas
Obrutus fletu puer, inter ora
Læta gratantûm nova te bibentem
Lumina vitæ.

Sic puer vivas, precor, ut supremæ
Noctis irrepente oculis sopore,
Rideas vultu placidus, dolentes
Inter amicos.

Water, parted from the sea,
May increase the river's tide,
To the bubbling fount may flee,
Or through fertile valleys glide;

Though, in search of lost repose,
Through the earth 'tis free to roam;
Still it murmurs as it flows,
Panting for its native home.

From Metastasio, "L'onda da'l mar divisa," Artaserse, iii. 1.

Nativo discreta mari, vaga lympha ruentis
Forsan abundantes augeat amnis aquas;
Aut fons exultet saliens; aut ubere rivus
Fœcundans vallem fertilitate fluat!

Amissam quamvis requiem petat, atque vaganti
Tota licèt tellus pandat ubique viam:
Non tamen interea sine murmure labitur unda,
Antiquam cupiens rursus adire domum.

There is a pleasure in poetic pains,
Which only poets know. The shifts and turns,
The expedients, and inventions multiform
To which the mind resorts, in search of terms,
Though apt, yet coy, and difficult to win,—
To arrest the fleeting images that fill
The mirror of the mind, and hold them fast,
And force them sit, till he has pencil'd off
A faithful likeness of the form he views;—
Then to dispose his copies with such art

In se gaudia habet soli concessa poetæ,
Et non nota aliis labor ipse poeticus; artes,
Subtilesque vices, solertia dextra, modique
Multi et multiplices, quibus indefessa requirit
Mens indagatrix verba apta, sed illa prehendi
Invita, illusumque diu fallentia quæstum;—
Arripere in speculo quotquot fugientia pleno
Mentis finguntur simulacra, reperta tenere
Fortitèr, inque loco cohibere, fidelibus umbram
Perspectam donèc, gnari pictoris ad instar,
Transtulerit tabulis;—tali tum disposita arte

That each may find its most propitious light,
And shine by situation hardly less
Than by the labour and the skill it cost,—
Are occupations of the poet's mind,
So pleasing, and that steal away the thought
With such address from themes of sad import,
That, lost in his own musings, happy man!
He feels the anxieties of life, denied
Their wonted entertainment, all retire.
Such joys has he that sings.

Task, II. 285.

Proferre, ut lucem inveniant sibi convenientem
Quæque, nec adjunctis aptè minùs aucta nitescant
Quàm longo auctoris studio, limæque labore;—
Nempè Poetæ adeò placet hæc industria, menti
Tam grata est, adeòque relegare omne quod angat
Ab se sedulitas valet hæc operosa, suorum
Ut sat homo felix studiorum, et totus in illis,
Omnem aditum vitæ curis neget; atque priori
Exclusa hospitio cordis turba atra recedat.
Gaudia tanta tulit dulcis labor ille canendi.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A trainband captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we.

Civis Joannes Gilpinus et integer, et dux
Londini turmæ municipalis erat.
Gilpino uxor ait, " Bis denis vidimus annis
Non signata hilari tædia nostra die ;
Crastina lux nobis referet sponsalia, cras nos
Campanam Edmonti biga parata vehet.
Meque et tres pueros feret, et cum infante sororem
Rheda capax ; nos tu pone sequeris eques."

He soon replied, I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, That 's well said;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;
O'erjoy'd was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

" Res fiet," Gilpinus ait; " quippe es, super omne
Quicquid fœminei est, uxor amata mihi.
Linteo per terram bonus audio, qui sibi amici
Fullonis poterit poscere amicus equum."
Conjux, " Euge! marite; et nobiscum bona (venit
Quippe merum tanti) vina feremus," ait.
Tum dedit amplexus indulgens fautor honestæ
Ille voluptatis, dummodo parca fuit.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud:

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad!
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

Lux optata aderat; sed (ut absit gloria) jussa est
A foribus spatio sistere biga brevi.
Substitit ergo: intrant omnes, superare parati
Sex hilares animi lævia, iniqua viæ.
Felices abeunt; nempe insanire putâsses
Vicum, ita concrepitant saxa, ita virga, rotæ.
Inde, jubam stringens, sellæ sese impiger infert
Gilpinus; sed mox terga reliquit equi;

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty, screaming, came down stairs,
The wine is left behind!

Good lack! quoth he—yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise.

Nam vix attigerat sedem; cum fortè, reflexâ
Cervice, emptores tres videt ante domum.
Desilit ergò; fuit damnum grave perdere tempus;
Sed jactura lucrum perdere major erat.
Fit res longa, abiitque emptor vix ultimus, ut vox
Stridula de scalis vina relicta fremit.
Ille, "Heus! vina mihi, et qui (cùm spectamur in armis)
Instruitur fido balteus ense, dato."

Now Mrs. Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

Quem dilexit enim bene cauta putaverat uxor
Fictilibus posset tutior esse liquor.
Mox ergo, hinc illinc intortâ pendulus aure,
Cantharus exæquat pondere utrumque latus.
Et super omne, humeris injecta viriliter, ardet
Punicea, ampla, decens, et sine labe chlamys.
Rursum alacri sic vectus equo, per saxea lentè
Quadrivia inceptum cautiùs urget iter;

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, Fair and softly, John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Verum, ubi fit via plana, equitemque ubi quadrupedantes
Succutiunt motus, quà sedet ille dolet.
" Molliter," inquit, " eamus—eamus molliter," inquit
Frustrà ; prorumpens frœna recusat equus.
Pronus ita, erectum qui se non ferre valebat,
Stringit utrâque manu fortiter ille jubam.
Verum equus impatiens, expertus talia nunquam,
Quærit inassuetum quid sibi terga premat.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung:
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, Well done!
As loud as he could bawl.

It præceps; abiit jam pileus, et malè tantum
Currere præcincto cursum abiere comæ.
Ingruit aura; ut aplustre volat post terga, suâque
Fibulâ abit demùm, turbine rapta, chlamys.
Inde palàm, cecinit quæ carmine Musa pedestri,
Pendula cernere erat vasa ad utrumque latus.
Confremuere canes, puerique; et aperta fenestra
Omnis, latâ omnis vox sonat, "Euge!" viâ.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke,
As they had basted been.

"Hic vir, hic est," fert Fama,—"en! cinctus pondere justo
Cursu certat eques; pignora mille minæ."
Mirum etiam visu est, reserant ut ubique viarum
Claustra coactores approperante viro.
Dumque ruit capite exhalanti cernuus, ictu
Post terga obtritum fictile utrumque perit.
Irrorant bona vina viam, miserabile visu,
Et vapor uncta tegit terga madentis equi.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

Sed constat certare Equitem; sic zona, et utrinque
Ad suum adhuc pendens arguit ansa latus.
Hos risus habuit festa Islintonia, donec
Advenit Edmonti stagna refusa viæ:
Hinc illinc ubi jactat aquas, aspergine quantâ
Anser, et ancillæ quantâ operosa manus.
Hìc miratur amans conjux, speculata fenestrâ,
Cur animosum adeò vir suus urget equum.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—here 's the house—
They all aloud did cry;
The dinner waits, and we are tired:
Said Gilpin—so am I!

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew
Shot by an archer strong;
So he did fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

" Siste," ait, " hæc domus est; fessæ impransæque
manemus."
Gilpinusque refert, " Sum quoque fessus ego."
Nec stat equus; domini quoniam (quo fert via, Varæ)
Hinc decem adhuc distat millia nota domus.
Ille igitur fugiens, velut arcu missa sagitta,
Evolat. Et medium Musa peregit opus.
Sic præceps it anhelus Eques, fullonis amici
Donec equus tandem substitit ante domum.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke;

I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road.

Advecti ad portam stupet os habitumque, tuboque
Deposito excepit talibus ille prior:
" Quæ nova res, quæso; dic, sodes, quæ nova res sit;
Cur ades omninò; cur ita calvus ades?"
Tum lepidè Gilpinus, erat venæ ille jocosæ,
Sic tempestivos reddit ab ore sales:
" Huc me traxit equus; potes expectare galerum,
Et mea cæsaries non procul urget iter."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flow'd behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus show'd his ready wit—
My head is twice as big as yours,
It therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.

Festivis alter salibus lætatus amici
Reddidit ore nihil, sed sua tecta petit.
Unde galerum ille, et benè servatum caliendrum
Portat, adhuc undans ponè fluente comâ.
" Pileus, en! tibi," dicit, et " en! coma, quæ magìs amplo
Apta meo capiti est, ergo erit apta tuo.
Sed sine adhærentes fronti detergere sordes;
Es certè esuriens; det tibi mensa cibum."

Said John, It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.

So turning to his horse he said,
I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And gallop'd off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Ille, " Dies sponsalis hic est; et quis feret, uxor
Prandeat Edmonti, dum tuus hospes ero?"
Tum conversus equo, " Veniens tibi nempe placebas,
Ut mihi complaceas ergò redire potes."
O vani verba augurii, jactatio inanis!
Protinùs alto asinus non procul ore rudit;
Præcipitique fremens, veluti rugire leonem
Audivisset, equus fertur ut antè fugâ.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first;
For why?—they were too big.

Now mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well.

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein:

Abripitur Gilpinus; abit mox pileus; et mox,
Quæ minùs aptantur fronti, abiêre comæ.
Verùm ubi raptum adeò procul in longinqua videbat
Sponsa virum, nummos exhibet illa manu;
Atque ait aurigæ, "Salvum incolumemque maritum
Tu mihi si reddas, hoc erit omne tuum."
Ergo abiens reduci sese obtulit ille, repentè
Attentans frænum corripuisse, Puer.

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:—

Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

Sed spes effusa est; molimen inane paventem
Terret, et attonitum jam magìs urget equum.
Emicat hic, pedibusque pedes terit ille, sequaces
Post terga exultans non habuisse rotas.
Fortè viatores sex, tantam urgere videntes
Gilpinum, aurigâ ponè sequente, fugam:—
"Eja, age!" conclamant; "Eja, eja, age! siste latronem!"
Quotque aderant, cura est omnibus una sequi.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopp'd till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he!
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

Jamque coactores rursùs claustra omnia pandunt;
Tanto, conventum est, pignore certet homo.
Certabat, vicitque; urbem prior attigit, et quò
Primùm pressit equi terga, reliquit equum.
Vivat Rex, et Eques; sin rursùs prodeat, illo
Spectatum admissus sim, precor, ipse die!

The twentieth year is well nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast;—
Ah, would that this might be the last,
My Mary.

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow;—
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary.

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary.

Penè bis denus numeratur, ex quo
Nubila hæc nostrum eripuêre cœlum,
Annus;—ah! nobis fuerit supremus
Iste, Maria.

Spiritus languent, videoque fracti
Corporis vim continuò minorem;
Et mei te, non tua, prægravavit
Cura, Maria.

Non acus fulgent nitidis ut olim
Ritè digestæ ordinibus, diuque
Est situs pro me tot adire promptas
Pensa, Maria.

For, though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary.

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary.

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language utter'd in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary.

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary.

Nam, licèt constans animus benignis
Fert adhuc fungi officiis, amica
Hæc hebes jam non oculus secundat
Vota, Maria.

Tuque maternum benè tunc obibas
Munus; et, sicut magicâ subacta
Arte, se fila implicuêre nostro
Corde, Maria.

Reddit incertam tua nunc loquelam
Auribus vox, ut vaga somniantis
Verba; sed quod tu loqueris placebit
Omne, Maria.

Discolor flavæ coma quæ juventæ
Canet argento, mihi sic videtur
Pulchrior primâ auricomæ diei
Luce, Maria.

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary.

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign,
Yet gently prest, press gently mine,
My Mary.

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,
That now at every step thou movest
Upheld by two; yet still thou lovest,
My Mary.

And still to love, though prest with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary.

Sed mihi si te tuaque invideret
Sors, foret dignum quid adhuc videri?
Indiès frustrà mihi sol rediret
Ipse, Maria.

Ægra nunc ægris manibus recedit,
Quantula est, vis; sed tua te prementem
Molliter palmam potis est fovere
Palma, Maria.

Membra sic languent, ut utrinquè fido
Brachio firmes comitante gressus;
Non tamen cessat cor amare nos, ut
Ante, Maria.

Tanta quin inter mala sic amare
Quæ potest, necdum patitur senectæ
Frigus, hæc pulchra est, et amanda nobis
Jure, Maria.

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show,
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary.

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart would break at last,
My Mary.

Vidi ego,—ah! quid me vigilem fefellit?
Ille qui nostro sedet ore luctus
A tuâ risum heu! quoties fugavit
Fronte, Maria.

Et parem si præteritæ futuram
Det Deus sortem mihi, perpeti audax
Multa succumbes superante luctu
Victa, Maria!

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause,
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;
While Chief Baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

"In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind."

Then,—holding the spectacles up to the court,—
"Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is, in short,
Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Est nova lis Oculos inter, Nasumque suborta:—
Optica væ! tantæ fons vitra litis erant.
Quærebatur enim (res nota est omnibus) utri
Illorum hæc fuerint propria, jure suo.

Causam causidicus Lingua explicat, arte magistrâ,
Doctrinam falsâ suppeditante comâ.
Sede suâ Judex sedet Auris, acumine leges
Pendere quo nunquam clarior alter erat.

"Est pro comperto," Lingua incipit, "et mihi, Præses,
Ipse proculdubiò certior auctor eris,
Quòd sibi Nasus habet proprium hoc gestamen, et ergò
Temporibus nullis non habuisse potest."

Exhibitisque vitris, "Ipsam perpende figuram,
Cruribus ut planè varicet illa, nota;
Cruribus aptatis Nasi ad juga, justior ut non
Possit equi dorsum stringere sella sui.

"Again, would your lordship a moment suppose,
('Tis a case that has happen'd and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray, who would or who could wear spectacles then?

"On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how,
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one if or but,—
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on—
By daylight or candlelight—Eyes should be shut.

"Hoc quoque fac verum fuerit, dignissime Judex,
(Res semèl evenit, rursùs et esse potest,)
Ora hominum nasci sine Nasis;—tum quis haberet
Præpositum, vel quis posset habere, vitrum?

"Summa rei, stabilita suis rationibus, hæc est;
Nec sentire alitèr curia docta volet,
Nempè, quòd ut Naso sunt facta vitra optica, Nasus
Ipse vitris simili lege creatus erat."

Tum, pro more suo, mutatis partibus, idem
Causam Oculorum etiam, nec minùs acer, agit.
Cognita sed paucis sunt argumenta; fuêrunt
Docto non paritèr quippe probata foro.

Sic decreta gravi Judex solennitèr ore,
Non interpositâ conditione, dedit;
Sumpserit ut quoties Nasus vitra, nocte dieve,
Tunc Oculis fuerit sese aperire nefas.

The Spirit breathes upon the Word,
And brings the truth to sight,
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun,
It gives a light to ev'ry age;
It gives, but borrows none.

The Hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

Spiritus afflatu Verbum imprimit Ipse, legentûm
Exponens oculis abdita vera Dei.
Atque simùl præcepta, simùl promissa fideles
Luce jubent animam sanctificante frui.

Pagina cœlestis, quâ te tua gloria inaurat
Majestate!—micans, sol velut orbe suo,
Omni continuò præbes nova lumina sæclo;
Das tua, sed tibi non ulla aliena rogas.

Quæ primò lucem, primò dedit alma calorem,
Dives adhùc eadem est luce, calore, Manus.
Gentibus æterni promens oracula Verbi
Nascitur, et non est interitura Dies.

Let everlasting praise be Thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love;
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

O! pro muneribus tot pulchris reddere grates
Perpetuas nostrum sit Tibi, Magne Deus,
Non dedignato, deductum cœlitùs, orbi
Cui gravis incubuit nox retulisse jubar.

Quo, quem dilexi, Dominus vestigia pressit,
Illo fert anima in tramite posse sequi;
Donec erit tandèm, super astra nitentibus oris,
Circumfusa oculis gloria plena meis.

It is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon, or a summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. "The insect youth are on the wing." Swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their continual

Nec temerè hunc mundum felicem diximus; aër
Vitâ exultanti sic scatet, unda, solum.
Sive die veris mediâ, æstatisve sub horam
Vespertinam, oculos circùm ubicunque fero,
Millia se ostendunt mihi multa animata; juventâ
Luxuriata suâ turba minuta volat;
Natarumque recens muscarum examina primam
In tenui tentant aëre læta fugam.
Scilicèt hi lusus agiles, gyrique protervi,
Hic vagus assiduæ mobilitatis amor;
Et, sine proposito, sine certo fine, libido
Mutandi hinc illinc irrequieta locum;

change of place, without use or purpose, testify their joy and the exultation which they feel in their newly-discovered faculties. A bee, amongst the flowers in spring, is one of the cheerfullest objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment, so busy and so pleased; yet it is only a specimen of insect life, with which, by reason of the animal being half domesticated, we happen to be better acquainted than with that of others.—*Natural Theology, ch.* 26.

Non pridèm inventæ testantur quatenùs usu
Quisque facultatis gestit, ovatque, suo,
Gaudia vivendi sint quanta exquiris? en hanc, quae
De flore in florem vere vagatur apis;
Felicemque fatere; datum indefessa laborem
Sic obit illa suum, sic placet ipse labor,
Nobiscum propiora apium consortia, quæ sunt
Naturæ illarum nos, animæque docent:
Exemploque monent, quòd vult vitam esse beatam
Quam dedit, hæc fuerit quantulacunque, Deus.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden show'd another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills by thunder riven,
Then flew the steed to battle driven,
And rolling like the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

Cadente sole, pes adhuc non presserat
Nivem incruentam Lindeni;
Et Iser undas ibat hyemales agens
Caliginoso vortice.

Sed Lindenum non hæc dabat spectacula,
Noctu strepente tympano,
Et ignibus jubente confestìm necis
Ardere nigrantes plagas.

Tædâ ordinatus et ciente classico
Nudabat ensem quisque eques;
Ferox fremebat quisque, pugnæ gaudia
Inire gestiens, equus.

Disrupta rupes dissilit tonitribus,
Per arma cornipes ruit,
Ignemque cæli præpetem æmulantia
Tormenta rubra fulgurant.

But redder yet their fires shall glow
On Linden's height of crimson'd snow,
And bloodier still the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

The combat deepens;—on, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

'Tis morn;—but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

Few, few shall part, where many meet,
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every sod beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Sed mox magìs rubescet ignibus suis
Nix purpurata Lindeni;
Mox fœdiorem volvet Iser æstuans
Mixto cruore vorticem.

Jam pugna fervet;—Eja! vos victoriam
Adire fortes, aut necem!
Da signa tua ventis, Monichium, da omnia,
Cum pube proruens tuâ!

Est orta lux; sed nubila ille sol nequit
Transire belli lurida,
Quà Francus acer, et ferox Hunnus fremunt
Sub imminenti sulphure.

Qui nunc tot adsunt, involucro funebri
Quot non reversis nix erit!
At quisque cespes sub pede insultantium
Fiet sepulchrum militis.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spake not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly looked on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

Tympana non sonuêre, in vallum corpus amati
Cùm ducis extulimus, funereusve modus;
Non, pro more, loco miles valedixit, honorans
Displosæ exequias militis igne tubæ.

Nocte sed intempestâ est ille sepultus, et arma
Pro duro effodiunt nostra ligone solum;
Ad jubar incertum eluctantis in æthera lunæ,
Ad quod lampas iners vix breve lumen alit.

Illa supervacuâ non pectora clausimus arcâ,
Non ulla implicuit fascia forte latus;
Membra sago cubuit tectus mavortia, miles
Se chlamyde involvens ut requiescit humo.

Non multas longasve preces super ossa vacabat
Dicere; vox etiam muta doloris erat.
Ora sed obtutu defuncti aspeximus, ægrâ
Mente rati quid lux mox oritura daret.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow;

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where his Britons have laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

Dumque cavabamus contractum in cespite lectum,
Curaque pulvinar sternere triste fuit;
Insistent, rebamur, in hunc alienus et hostis,
Dum tumida intereà nos feret unda procùl;

Spiritui elapso poterunt illudere, et ipsos
Fortè super cineres hìc sua probra loqui;
Non erit huic curæ, modò dent dormire, Britanni
In quo membra sui composuêre loco.

Dimidia ingrati est vix pars exhausta laboris,
Cùm campana, notans tempus, abire monet;
Et fragor interdùm longè displosus ad aures
Prodit, ubi excubias non piger hostis agit.

Mœstè igitur lentéque sui deponitur Heros
Fuso in honoris agro sanguine crudus adhuc;
Nec nomen lapidemve reliquimus; at sua secum
Ad tumulum superest gloria sola comes.

Oh, weep for the hour, when to Eveleen's bower
The lord of the valley with false vows came;
The moon hid her light from the heavens that night,
And wept behind the clouds o'er the maiden's shame.

The clouds pass'd soon from the chaste cold moon,
And heaven smiled again with her vestal flame,
But none will see the day when the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay on the narrow pathway,
When the lord of the valley crost over the moor;
And many a deep print on the white snow's tint
Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.

The next sun's ray soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false lord came;
But there 's a light above, which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

Eheu ! flebilis hora, Evelinæ ad limina pulchræ
Quæ vallis Domini perfida vota tulit ;
Illâ nocte, tegens ignes post nubila, flebat
Virgineæ labem Luna pudicitiæ.

Nubila mox abiêre ; et cœlo luna refulsit
Ridenti flammis intemerata suis ;
Sed non ulla dies adimet nubem illius horæ
Obductam famæ, pulchra Evelina, tuæ.

Perjurus per agros ubi transiit iste, jacebat
Candida in angustâ nix sine labe viâ ;
Atque fores illas versùs nota multa nitenti
In nive prodebat prætereuntis iter.

Omne tamen signum Sol crastinus abstulit, albam
Quo modò polluerat dux malefidus humum ;
Sed nive virgineæ famæ, lux orta supernè est,
Quæ semèl acceptam diluet una notam.

Life, we 've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part, when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost both pang and tear.
So steal away with little warning;
Choose thine own time,
Say not "good night," but in yon happier clime
Bid me good morning.

Vita, diu fuimus comites; et amœna vicissìm
Nostra erat, aut mœstis nubibus atra, dies.
Tristis amicorum est digressus, nec sine luctu
Scinditur et lachrymis dulce sodalitium.
Tu te ergò tacitè subducas; admonitumque
Sit breve, quo libeat tempore abire tuo.
Neu mihi dic "valeas," sed in orbe beatior illo
Alloquere, atque novo mane valere jube.

Though the rose on her cheek disappear and decay,
Can time with the rose steal the dimple away?
Age may alter her form, but must leave me behind
Her temper, her manners, her heart, and her mind.
Roll on then, ye summers;—no change shall I see,
But Maria will still be Maria to me.

Tempore si surrepta rosa est, spoliabitur unquàm
Ille genis roseis qui gelasinus* inest?
Formam ætas mutare potest; sed amabile linquet
Ingenium, mores, cor, animumque mihi.
Vos ergo, æstates, properate;—videbitur illa
Immutata oculis una Maria meis.

* "Nec grata est facies, cui gelasinus abest." *Martial*, vii. 24.

Τόλμαν Ἀλεξάνδρου καὶ ἀρήια Καίσαρος ἔργα
Μαυρώσας, Νίκην ἅρματ' ἐφαψάμενος,
Τῇδε Νεαπόλεων ἄταφος τ' ἄφιλος τ' ἐπὶ πέτρᾳ
Κεῖμαι, ἀμοιβαίην ἀρνύμενος Νέμεσιν·
Σῶμα μὲν οὖν (δαμάσασθε γὰρ) αἰκίζεσθε, τύραννοι·
Νήπιοι, ἡμέτερος δ' Αἰετὸς ἀθάνατος.
Μηδὲν ἐμοὶ τύμβῳ τε· θὲς, ὦ ξεῖν', ἀντὶ λίθοιο,
Ἴστρον, Πυραμίδας, Ἰταλίαν, Σκυθίην.

Ille ego, quem subjuncta meo Victoria curru
Ultra et Alexandri, et Cæsaris ausa tulit,
Hâc in rupe, exsors tumuli, indefletus amicis,
Fatis Napoleon vindicibus jaceo :
Ossibus his (domuistis enim) insultate, Tyranni ;
Quin Aquila æternùm nostra superstes erit.
Nil mihi cum tumulo ; pro marmore pone, viator,
Istrum, Pyramidas, Italiam, Scythiam.

Little Tom had a best coat, a smart Sunday waistcoat,
And neat pair of black Spanish pumps;
His mother she told him, how greatly she 'd scold him,
If into the kennel he jumps.

'Twas morning on Sunday, and surely for one day
A boy might give over his pranks;
But he went off to chapel, devouring an apple,
For which he gave grandpapa thanks.

He came to the kennel, covered o'er with green fennel,
The waters were running a flood,
Says he, "I 'll jump over it; none at home will discover it,"
When flop he fell into the mud.

His mother, she thumpt him; and Hannah, she pumpt him,
He nearly came in for the birch;
Stripped of his Sunday clothes, dressed in his Monday clothes,
Sent crying to afternoon-church.

Vestis erat parvi, sepôsta in Sabbata, Thomæ
Pulchrior, et soleæ, Bætica aluta, pares;
Indicit mater, sua quæ censura, cloacæ
Cœnosæ insiliet si malè cautus, erit.

Sabbata sunt; nec iniqua est lex, puerilibus unâ
Saltèm flagitiis abstinuisse die.
Parvulus ille proseucham abiens petit, inter eundum
Intentus malum rodere, munus avi.

Obvia fœniculo stat operta cloaca palustri,
(Turbida namque, gravis sordibus, unda ruit.)
Dixit, "transiliam; quis enim facinus sciet unquam?"
Atque in colluviem cernuus ecce! cadit.

Vapulat ergo; dolat mater, lavat Anna, beatum
Virgarum non plùs quàm subiisse minas,
Et nitido nudatus amictu, humilisque profestâ
Veste, proseucham iterùm, matre jubente, petit.

As master John walked out alone
All with his dear Mama,
He saw a bird, picked up a stone;
"Ha! ha!" said she, "ha! ha!"

"D'ye think I'd suffer you, odds bobbin!
Such wickedness to do?
Suppose you were a little robin,
And I should fling at you.

"'Tis a sad thing, and quite absurd,
And cruel too, d'ye see,
To kill a little harmless bird
That never did kill thee."

Repentant John threw down his sling,
And cried, while tears did burst,
"I never will kill any thing,
Except it kills me first."

Parvus Ioannes, solus cum matre placenti,
Pro more assuetis dum spatiatur agris,
Fortè vagam speculatus avem, saxum arripit; illa,
"Heus! heus! abstineas," dixit, "inique, manus."

"Proh! pravos mores puerorum! me sinere ergò
Te temerè facinus tale patrare putas?
Pone, quòd ipse hodiè tu parva rubecula fias;
Atque ego te saxo, pone, quòd ipsa petam:"

"Rem tristem esse liquet planè; rem prorsùs ineptam
Insupèr; immo et atrox esse, videsne, nefas,
Cædere fraude malâ parvam, innocuamque, et inermem,
Et quæ te nunquàm, dure, cecidit, avem."

Delictum admisisse dolens, fundam abjicit, et sic
Effusus subitò parvulus in lacrymas,
"Dehinc ego non, nisi me prior illa occiderit, ullam,
Quot volitant, ausim cædere," dixit, "avem."

Sorrow and Joy, couched side by side,
The chamber of the heart divide;
Speak gently, Joy, for Sorrow sleeps,
With too much mirth he wakes and weeps.

From the German.

Lætitiæ est semper socius Dolor; alteriusque
Ad latus, in thalamo cordis, uterque jacet.
Tu preme, Lætitia exultans, tua labra; priores
Evigilet subitò ne Dolor ad lachrymas.

Lord of all power and might, Who art the Author and Giver of all good things; graft in our hearts the love of Thy Name; increase in us true religion; nourish us with all goodness; and of Thy great mercy keep us in the same.

Virtute omnipotens et viribus; Auctor, et Idem
Omnis Largitor, quicquid ubique boni est;
Ipse Tui nostris Tu nominis insere amorem
Pectoribus; duce Te, nostra sit aucta fides;
Et mores sanctos animæ dans pabula, nobis
Confirmare velis hæc Tua dona, Deus.

Almighty God, unto Whom all hearts be open, all desires known, and from Whom no secrets are hid; cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify Thy holy Name; through Christ, our Lord.

O Deus omnipotens, cui sunt corda omnia aperta,
Cui secreta animi vota retecta patent;
Pectora nostra Tuus, Te quæsumus, intima purget
Spiritus, afflatu sanctificetque Suo;
Ut Te sic penitùs discamus amare, sacrumque
Nomen condignâ tollere laude Tuum.
(Hæc oramus Iësu, oramus ut omnia, Magni)
In Salvatoris nomine, Magne Deus.

ERRATUM.

Page 63, lineâ penult, dele "*atque.*"

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Jan. 2009

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 013 978 801 1